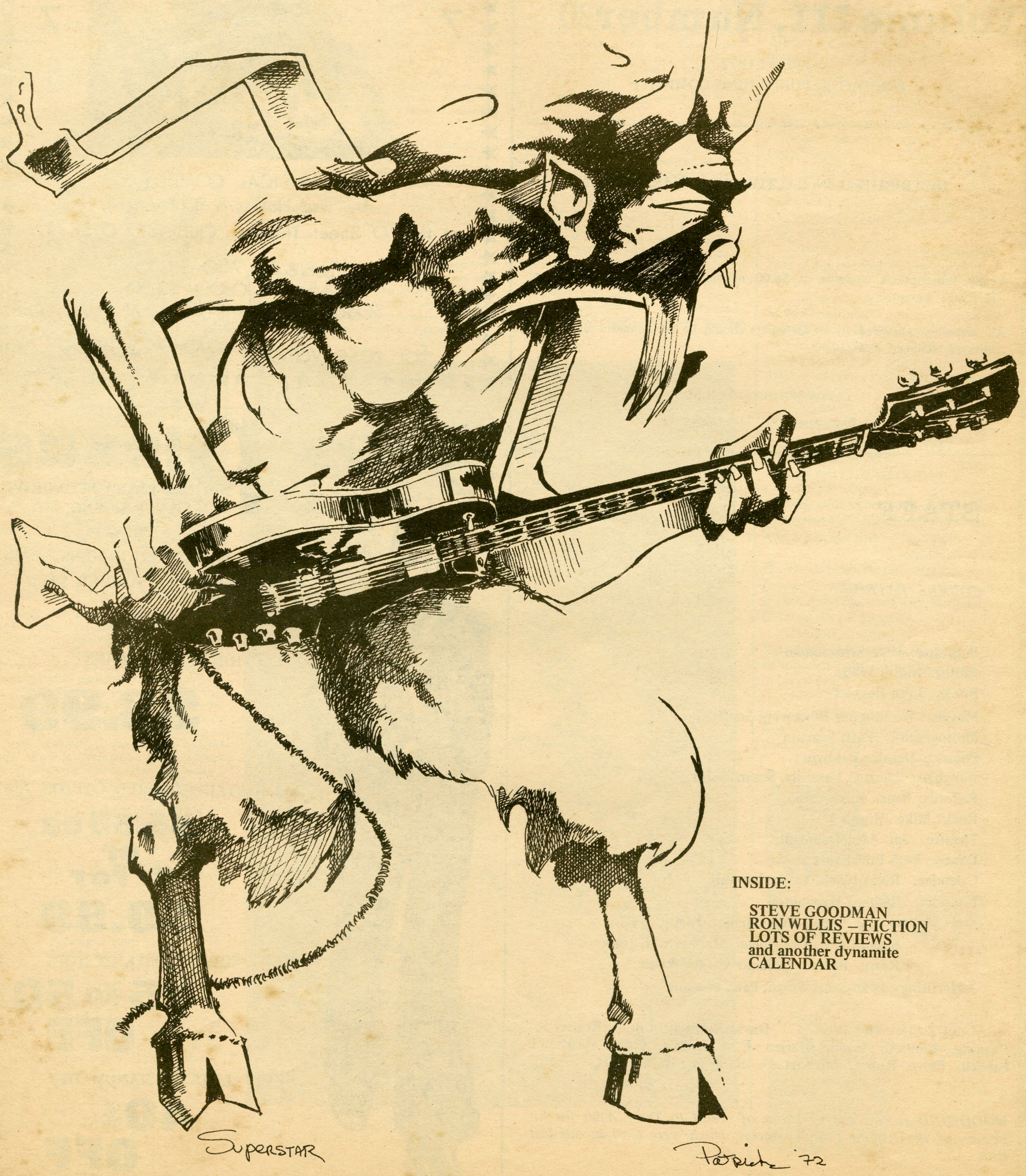
Vol. III No. 20 July 25,1972

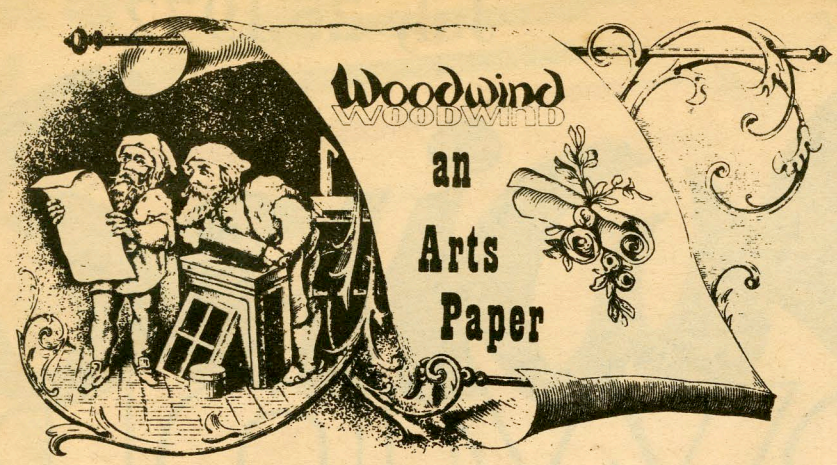
woodwind

AN ARTS PAPER WASHINGTON, D.C. FREE



INSIDE:

STEVE GOODMAN
RON WILLIS – FICTION
LOTS OF REVIEWS
and another dynamite
CALENDAR



1318 35th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., 20007, 202-965-9650

JULY 25, 1972

Volume III, Number 20

copyright 1972
WOODWIND PUBLISHING COMPANY

DISTRIBUTED IN BALTIMORE – WASHINGTON

Yearly subscriptions available at $6.00 newspaper rate, $8.00 first class, and $9.00 airmail.

All materials submitted to WOODWIND should be accompanied by a self addressed, stamped envelope.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISING:

Bruce Haupt (301) 752 - 1678

STAFF

COVER: PATRICK

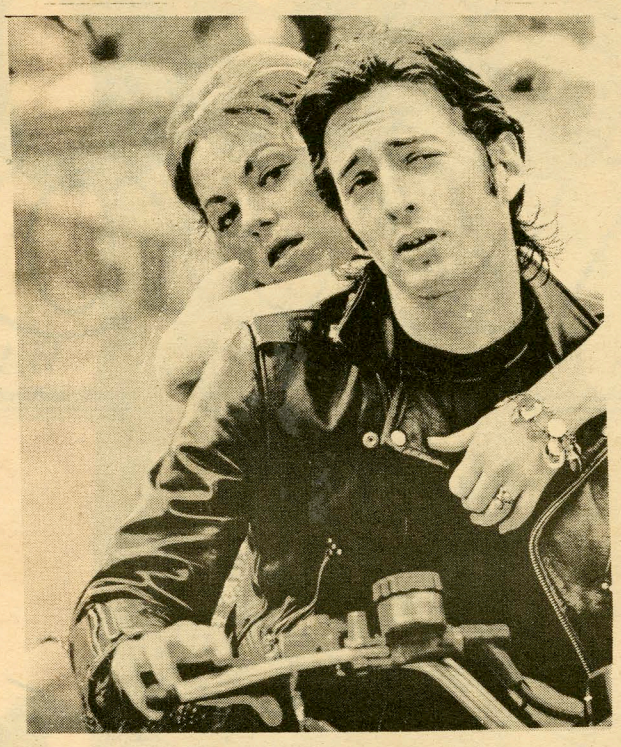
Publisher: Mike Schreibman
Editor: Judith Willis
Books: John Burgess
Movies: Washington Reviewing Society
Photography: Patti Pearson
Poetry: Deirdre Baldwin
Longhair: Louis C. Fantasia, Susan Cohn
Records: Bruce Rosenstein
Rock: Mike Hogan
Theatre: Jay Alan Quantrill
Dance: Beth Burkhardt
Calendar: Ricki Black, Linda Lamont
Founder: Richard Harrington
Staff Writers: Al Appel, Ned Chaillet, Kirk Cheyfitz, Susan Cohn, Tim Hogan, Mark Power, John Reap, William Holland Garvin Walsh
Advertising: Mike Schreibman, Patti Pearson

Contributors This Issue: David Bowman, Cindy, Robert S. Harding, Kenneth Irwin, Marian E. Leighton, Paula Matthews Patrick, Steve Rubin, Michael D. Sullivan, Ron Willis.

WOODWIND regrets the omission of credit to Terry Atlas for his photos of the Rolling Stones concert which were used in our last issue.

YOUR DEMANDS FOR NOSTALGIA
BRING 1957 ALIVE AGAIN IN-
-SENIOR PROM-

1957



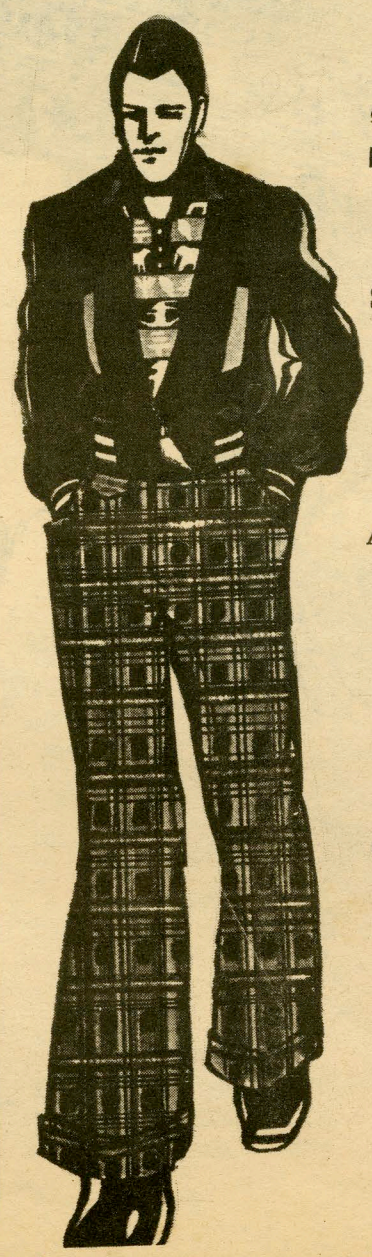
1957

A MUSICAL COMEDY
by Jack Hofsiss & Bill Bremer
at the "O" Street Theatre Club–1632 O St. NW

Thurs & Sun, 7:30--$3.00
Fri & Sat, 7 & 10:00 - $3.50
Students - $2.50 with ID any show

for reservations call: 234-4949

Solar Plexus
922 ELLSWORTH DRIVE
SILVER SPRING, MD.
585 - 7162



ALWAYS THE NEWEST IN MENS FASHION
IS NOW HAVING A SUMMER SALE

SELECTION OF BLUE JEANS
$3.99

ALL PASTEL - COLORED COTTON JEANS
$5.50 ea
or
2 for
$9.99

MANY SHIRTS AND KNIT TOPS
25 to 50% OFF

BELTS - LOTS OF HANDMADES
40% OFF

Gigging With Goodman

By Bruce Rosenstein

Steve Goodman is one of Chicago's "big three" singer-songwriters, the other two being John Prine and Bonnie Koloc. All three have been at the Cellar Door in Washington recently.

Their success in the Chicago area has been a bit different than their national reception, up until now at least. Goodman said, "Believe it or not, even though Prine is like a national phenomenon; in Chicago, we're tied. And Bonnie Koloc can outdraw either of us. She's filled Mr. Kelly's, the big supper club."

While Prine has been gaining an ever larger stable of national followers, people around the country have been slower to pick up on Goodman. As for Bonnie Koloc, well, she'll have to be talked about in some other story, because this is supposed to be a story about Steve Goodman, all right Bonnie?

Goodman is a fairly good singer, but an excellent songwriter, and one who is bound to get a lot better, too. Playing gigs at places like the Earle of Oldetown in Chicago, he met John Prine two and a half years ago, and both stayed unknown outside of Chicago until the fall of 1971. If people do know Steve now, it is probably for the song "The City Of New Orleans," which Prine calls "the best damn train song I've ever heard." The song is currently making its way up the national singles charts in a version by Arlo Guthrie, a slower, different version than Goodman's. Goodman said that he likes Arlo's version of the song, adding "If I could sing like Arlo, I'd do it that way. I'm flattered that someone will not only take time to learn one of my songs, but sit down and change it around to fit his own style."

Ironically, looking at it from the standpoint of what sounds like a hit single and what doesn't, Goodman's version has more of the feel of a hit, but it's hard to get radio programmers to try something by someone who is "unknown." There seem to be more versions of the song creeping up, and it's entirely possible that it will become a classic. John Denver recorded it on his last album, and the Country Gentlemen, the world famous bluegrass group who now play regularly at the Shamrock, one block down from the Cellar Door, do the song live, and although they learned it from Denver's version, they know who wrote it. When Steve came down to the Shamrock to catch one of their sets the last time he was in town, one of the Gentlemen inquired of him, "Hey, you got any more songs like that?"

Steve opened his set at the Cellar Door with the song, and after getting some enthusiastic applause at the opening chords, remarked "The five people in the world who know I wrote that song besides me and my mother are here tonight." While it's obviously true that more than five people know he wrote "The City Of New Orleans," it's a shame that more people don't know he wrote it. Like any good songwriter, he doesn't just have one good song. "Turnpike Tom," "Yellow Coat," and "Would You Like To Learn To Dance," are all great songs. They are from his debut LP which was released last fall, and which far too few people know about; possibly because around that time there were just so many city/country singer-songwriters with new LP's that record buyers felt swamped.

There were people like Kris Kristofferson, Prine, Goodman, Alex Harvey. People who weren't exactly the same but were similar, nevertheless and Steve seems to have gotten temporarily lost in the shuffle. But Kristofferson – who helped produce Steve's first album – has been, as Goodman says, ". . . such a great help to me. Whenever I see him, it stops raining." And what if it's not raining in the first place? "Then it starts raining just so it can stop."

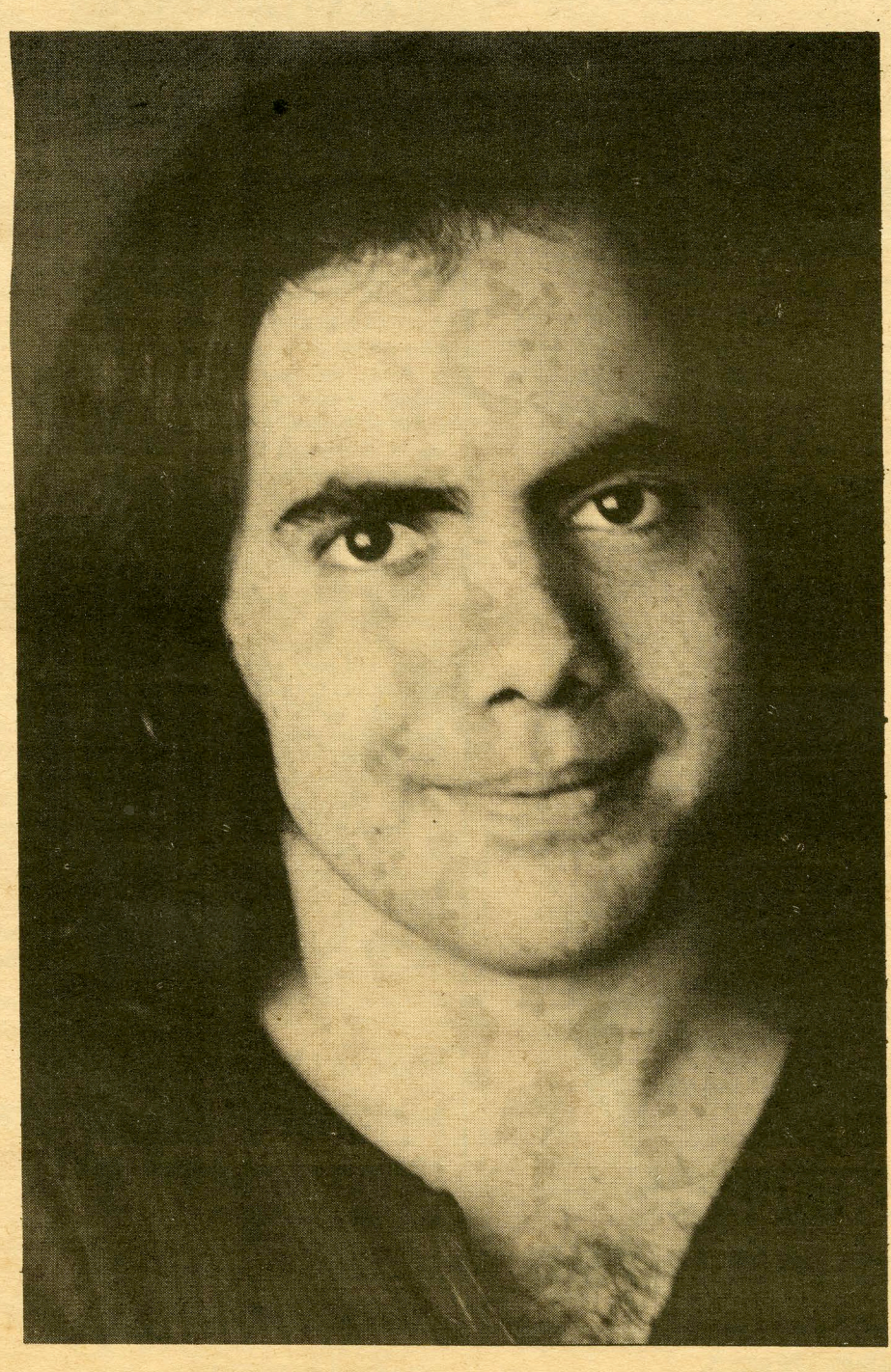
It appears that for Steve's next album, due out in the fall, the producer will be Bob Johnston, whose former projects have included Johnny Cash, Bob Dylan, and Leonard Cohen. Prine will probably help on the album and hopefully David Bromberg, if they can find time in Bromberg's heavy live and studio schedule for them to get together.

Goodman and Prine are both managed by Paul Anka, a name you wouldn't expect to find beside that of Kris Kristofferson or John Prine. Anka's hired a man who was formerly from their booking agency to perform most of the actual business functions regarding the two; as Goodman said, "Anka's got 18 million and he doesn't need two crazy songwriters on his back all the time if he can hire someone else to do it."

Since both are on the road so much, Prine and Goodman don't get to work too much with each other. One of their joint products, though, is a song on Steve's first album, "You Never Even Call Me By Name," which was written in Anka's suite in one of New York's most swank hotels. After ordering practically everything on the menu, including the wine menu, they set out to write a song which included every country music cliche they could think of. Sample verse: "You don't have to call me Waylon Jennings/ you don't have to call me Charley Pride/ you don't have to call me Merle Haggard, anymore/ even though you know you're on my fighting side." The song even includes a steel guitar part, which in his live shows Steve mimics orally. While writing songs for his new album, Steve wrote something which was so close to Prine's style that "I called up Prine and played it for him and asked him if he wrote it."

Although Goodman may be unknown to some, he apparently is experiencing the kind of situations which beset travelling songwriters, that of the struggling songwriters who try to get him to listen to their material. While he was at the Cellar Door, between sets one night, the phone rang. It was a guy who writes train songs, and he wanted Steve to listen to them, "In fact, I've even written a whole musical," the caller said. It's hard for Goodman to get very enthusiastic over such requests, but he usually honors them.

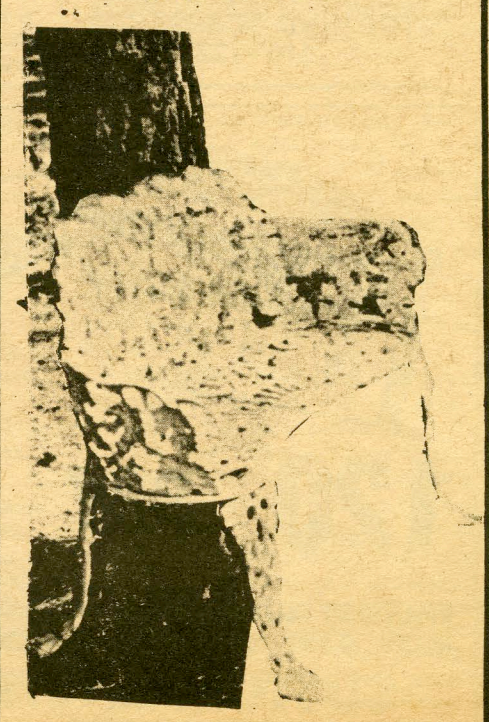
"How can I refuse?" he says. "If they play some, and I like them, maybe I'll learn a couple of them and play them for some other people. I've been in the same position myself."



THE REMODELING

By Robert S. Harding

She left yesterday
Amidst tears
And so with nothing else to do
Leander finished writing his novel.
It always seemed to him after
He rode wild long-haired horses
That time had dropped away.
He sat alone, surviving
With his pen in hand,
His crutch, veined in red,
Became blood splashed
As its' patient clung to it
Enduring his own blood-letting.
Between torturous verses
He wrapped white linen bandages
Around the battered blue quill
Producing its red and white
striped effect.
Salted and oiled
Across the street
A young couple were remodeling
A century old town house
Once owned
by Lady Rockingham, left alone
With five beautiful daughters,
And more recently evacuated by
A Christian Scientist banker who
Died with the Clap
in that unexpected thunderstorm
That struck last February at noon.
Leander watched
from his window
As workmen marched through the house
Sipping apart yesterday's vanities
And eccentricities.
Sawdust, bannisters, and toilet bowls
Belched out the cobwebbed windows
And splattered
Amid the frozen rain
and beer cans
Into a red, white, and blue dumptruck
Unsharing, he sat alone
With his feet soaking in a bowl
Of hot water
He choked out epithets to
Write with his bloody pen,
And drinking a glass of ice water
with tea,
He watched the rain fall outside.
He could not give as many lines as he took.
His mind was cluttered with fantasies,
Occasionally he stopped
Unable to write
Dreaming of all the valentines
He'd buried under the Hibiscus blossoms
In his garden.
He wished he could exchange
all those feigned pleasures
And walk out in the real rain
With her wet hair
blowing against his face



Authentic Americana

by Kenneth Irwin

Along with the Smithsonian Festival every 4th of July weekend, the National Folk Festival at Wolf Trap has presented the best balanced program of authentic American music. This year's Festival, July 27 - 30, promises to be no exception, with representatives of traditions in American Indian music, country blues, old time country, Cajun, and contemporary folk.

For many, appearances by Taj Mahal and John Prine will be the outstanding events of the weekend. Taj Mahal is probably best known as a charismatic interpreter of country blues, playing the harmonica, guitar and occasionally banjo. Prine, an ex-mailman from Chicago, has, within the span of less than a year, become one of the best known singer/songwriters across the country through such songs as "Your Flag Decal Won't Get You Into Heaven Anymore" and "Sam Stone," about the habit of a recently returned Viet-Nam veteran.

For others, the lesser-known, more traditional artists will be the highlights. Perhaps the least known of the performers this year will be Denis McGhee and S.D. Courville who recorded a few beautiful unaccompanied Cajun fiddle duets for the Vocalion label in 1928. Although they live near one another, they rarely perform today, and have not recorded together since the above date. In contrast to McGhee and Courville is the Cajun band of Ambrose Thibodeaux, still very active performers, also from Louisiana. A few will recognize his song "Two Step de Platon," the theme for Damian's radio show on WHFS-FM. The band consists of triangle, accordion, fiddle,and guitar. Another group which has been playing regularly is that of Pappy (Homer) Sherrill and Snuffy (DeWitt) Jenkins from Columbia, SC. With Pappy on Fiddle and Snuffy on banjo, they have been playing old-time music together for 34 years. Although not the originator of the three-finger banjo style, Snuffy did play a crucial role in its spread to musicians like Don Reno, Ralph Stanley, and Earl Scruggs. Pappy is credited with having had much influence on the development of present day bluegrass-fiddling. Both Pappy and Snuffy remain excellent, vibrant musicians and comedians. Other early mountain musicians appearing at the Festival – who played at about the same time as Jenkins and Sherrill – are Wade Mainer, Steve Ledford, and the Morris Brothers, being united here for the first time in a few years.

Also in attendance will be Harmonica Frank, part of the comic medicine show tradition. Frank, who plays and sings in both the country and blues styles, holds the entire harmonica in his mouth sometimes, while playing. Granny Almeda Riddle from Heber Springs, Arkansas, sings many old-time ballads in the traditional a cappella style. At 74, there are still few entertainers of Granny Riddle's sparkle and wit.

Perhaps the best-received group at the Smithsonian Festival on the Mall, Martin, Bogan, and Armstrong, one of the few remaining black string bands, will also be at Wolf Trap. Bluesmen and songster Sam Chatman will be returning after a very successful performance at the Smithsonian. Other fine bluesmen will be Roosevelt Sykes, Honeyboy Edwards and Henry Townsend.

Lou Killen and Michael Cooney are both fine revivalist folksingers with a real wealth of fascinating material. In the songbag of the Strange Creek Singers are some fine old traditional songs plus some of the original material by the members. For those of you who are unaware of the composition of Strange Creek, it's Mike Seeger, Hazel Dickens and Alice Foster, Tracy Schwartz, and Lamar Grier. They sing in a range of styles all the way from bluegrass to a cappella.

The festival will also feature native crafts and folk dances representative of the Indian nations of the Northwest and Alaska, New York State, and of the Eskimos. Dance groups present will be Les Danseurs du St. Laurent, Blue Ridge Mountain Dancers, and the Arthur Hall Afro-American Dance Ensemble.

This promises to be another outstanding festival with something for just about everybody. Hope to see you there.

Ram-Bam,The Bamboo Man

by Ron Willis

Ram-bam, the bamboo man, slogged through the mud towards the buildings ahead and coughed up bitter nuts of phlegm. Black was the outlook for a bamboo man in the rain, especially one who was politically suspect in spite of his having no politics whatever, save that he believed in dry shoes for all. The frogs and toads jumped happily and squish-squashed through the rainy mud in amphibian joy. Glory to God in the Highest they sang in their froggy tones, Glory to the Big Green Thing up there who sends the rain and bugs to eat and rain. Glory! Glory! Glory!

The bamboo man, his reflexes tensed beyond bearing, and his mind a blank, kicked at a joyful amphibian viciously, muttering "frigging frogs." But he missed, and the frog thinking the man was speaking French, took no offense.

The buildings grew closer very slowly for the mud was very deep and the few heavy carts that had passed had churned it into near impassibility. The high silken hat of the bamboo man slogged wettly over his ears and gave as much protection as a spider web. Its purple and green dye was water soluble and it ran down his face blotching it terribly. He passed a small child catching frogs. The frightful sight of a bamboo man with blotched face frightened the child who whimpered and covered his face.

Blotched, soaked and hollow in stomach, Ram-bam, the bamboo man, reached the buildings and knocked on their oaken doors. The pattering rain in the twilight wrenched his sodden soul with unhappiness. Nothing was heard from inside the buildings. Those who had, were keeping, and it was senseless to give food and shelter to a bamboo man anyway. The Tsar had declared that the tongue of anyone fraternizing with a bamboo man would be torn out and fed to the bureaucrats, and no one took the chance that the law just might be enforced. Stupider things had happened.

What hope was there for a bamboo man in he country of Tsars and frogs? What doom had come to the proud old race of the bamboo men who once had held the province of Kathay under their spell and who had been known as the best locksmiths in the world?

The bamboo man had by now knocked at all the doors, and when no answer had come, had carefully stuck a chip of wood into the lock mechanism, jamming is so the door couldn't open. Anger filled his gizzard and he became violent. With his Spitfire lighter he went back over his tracks methodically setting the thatch roofs of each building afire. Though the rain had made it soggy each thatch was eventually lighted and burnt well as the flames worked their way into the dry straw underneath.

As the bamboo man stalked away disgustedly from the buildings now belching fire and smoke, he listened with approval at the screams of the selfish inhabitants. He delighted in teaching those who refused to learn, a lesson. Eventually the pattering rain and the distance drowned out the screams, or perhaps they stopped of their own accord.

Meeting the mammoth on the road was a distinct piece of bad luck. A dumb mammoth could step on one unthinkingly and squash one into the mire until one couldn't rise again, save to Gavriel's call. Such a fate was stupid and not in holding with the concept of an omniscient God, thought the bamboo man. However, there were two sides to any question.

But the mammoth luckily missed the bamboo man, but got quite a lot of frogs on his journey across the road. Several of the frogs who survived but who lost companions, lovers, or offspring to the movements of the mountain of meat, were reputed to have turned atheists after the terrible event. One can really hardly blame them.

The bamboo man, as ever, slogged on.

Treemonisha

by Susan Cohn

The music of Scott Joplin, whom Time called "America's first notable black composer," has been undergoing a revival in recent years and the most exceptional child of this rebirth is Joplin's opera TREEMONISHA. Happily for Washington, this opera will be performed August 10 through 14 at Wolf Trap, and since the cast is the same as that in the exciting permiere this past January at Atlanta's Memorial Arts Center, this city is in for a special treat.

Joplin was born in 1868 in Texarkana, Texas, the sone of an ex-slave. At 14 he left home to become a honky-tonk pianist and, via St. Louis and Chicago, reached Sedalia, Missouri, where he became established in the Maple Leaf. It was here in Sedalia that Joplin established a career as the greatest composer of ragtime music.

Ragtime music got its name from the syncopation of the melody, the "ragged time," rough like the ragged edge of torn cloth. Rags weren't improvised like jazz, but were written down, and they were never sung because the melody was too jagged, too quick to accomodate any works. This music of brothels and lowlife clubs swept the country at the turn-of-the-century: Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag" sold 75,000 copies in six month and eventually, topped one million copies.

Joplin moved to New York in 1907 where he was able to work in earnest on the opera he always longed to complete. TREEMONISHA had its premiere in a Harlem rehearsal hall in 1915, but the performers rejected it, probably because they were trying to disassociate themselves from the plantation mentality, so the opera was never publically performed. Joplin became severly depressed, was admitted to Manhattan State Hospital in 1916, and died a year later from neurological complications of syphillis, the occupational hazard of honky-tonk players.

The first I heard of TREEMONISHA was last summer from T.J. Anderson, the composer-in-residence of the Atlanta Symphony, who was in town as a guest composer at the Wolf Trap Composers' Forum. One Dr. Anderson casually mentioned he was working on the orchestration of a Scott Joplin opera, but in spite of our excited questions, Dr. Anderson's reticence about his own work kept him from answering further. (Shucks!) All we could do was wait for the premiere.

TREEMONISHA is the story of a foundling whose education forces her to become a civic leader. The music is not ragtime, but rather the Afro-American music as known on the plantation. It's possible that some people may be offended by the charaterization of the Afro-American as a "darkie", especially through Joplin's use of dialect in the libretto. TREEMONISHA, however, should be considered as a period piece similar to NO, no na
NO NANETTE, and judged solely on its musical merits rather than on political significance.

In the Wolf Trap production, the staging and choreography will be done by Katherine Dunham who held the same position for the premiere performance, and Alpha Floyd, Seth McCoy, and Simon Estes will be repeating the roles that brought them acclaim in Atlanta.

Try to see TREEMONISHA: the event itself should be comparable to the opening of Bernstein's MASS at the Kennedy Center.

MAGGIES FARM

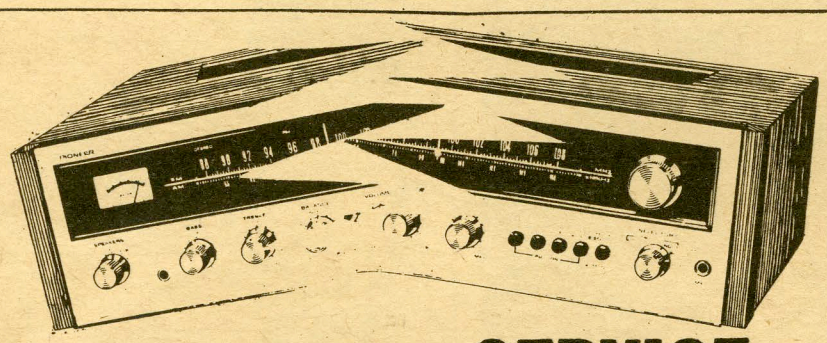
NEW HOURS:
Mon–Thurs Noon–9pm
Fri–Sat Noon–Midnight
Sunday Noon–6pm

1 COLUMBIA AVE. TAKOMA PARK, MD.
A CRAFTSMAN' MARKET PLACE
270 - 9888

natural vitamins
kama sutra oil
pottery
largest selection of komix and incense in D. C. area
smallest selection of plastic shit in the area!
imported clothing for men and women
silver rings
alternative culture books
tarrot decks from egypt, france & switzerland
leak-proof bongs $8.00 and up

**THE HIND QUARTER
270 - 1223

CUSTOM SANDLES



120 DAY SERVICE GUARANTEE

FACTORY AUTHORIZED SERVICE ON STEREO COMPONENTS
BUY AND SELL USED COMPONENTS

CUSTOM ELECTRONIC SERVICE
1813 COLUMBIA RD. N.W.
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20009
667-2150

CONCERT BOOKINGS
NATIONAL AND LOCAL GROUPS
PROMOTIONAL ASSISTANCE
P.A. SYSTEMS
POSTERS
ADVERTISING
STAGE LIGHTING

PHONE:
(202) – 965–9650

New Era Follies

PERFORMANCE

TARTUFFE
Olney Theatre
Wayside Theatre

by Jay Alan Quantrill

It is all too rare a pleasure these days, to sit in a theatre and watch an actor so completely deliver up the goods. This idea comes to me as I start to put my thoughts together about the Olney production of TARTUFFE. That the actor in question is not the leading man makes the situation even more rare. Even when the star of the show (in this case John McGiver) is giving a thoroughly convincing and enjoyable performance in his own right. But Jack Gwillim's performance as Orgon, the world's biggest dupe, is so compelling, so captivating, that he nearly dominates the show. Certainly Moliere plans for Tartuffe to be the most intriguing character . . . or does he?

TARTUFFE is about a middle-aged man who believes a sanctimonious, posing ne'er-do-well instead of the arguments of his family, friends, and acquaintances. The ne'er-do-well is the catalyst, but the central figure is Orgon, the dupe. He is the one whom Moliere makes fun of, which Tartuffe makes a fool of, and of which there is little to be said but that he is a man blind to the truth and stupid into the bargain. Jack Gwillim makes of Orgon a superbly believable fool. Gwillim's handling of the lines, his posturing, his emotional outbursts, all are of a single mold and well fitted to the concept of the director James Waring, So too is McGiver's performance successfully integrated into the whole. With his magnificent face and his sense of style McGiver shows us a Tartuffe with a nimbled mind and lusty loins. The other actors and actresses are competent in their in their assigned tasks and help to make of this third offering of the Olney season an entertaining piece of theatre.

The setting and the direction – both by Mr. Waring – are similarly formal, though the text is handled in a rather obvious manner, and the gags are punched almost too perfectly. The one major imperfection in the whole venture is the appearance of a character late in the evening which demonstrates the worst in summer stock theatre: a very young boy is called upon to play a very old man. . . it doesn't work. It is, in fact, embarassing. But for this wretched flaw, the show could be considered a great success. Of course Brian E. Clarke and Vivienne Shubb are giving charateristically stilted performances, and lovely Cecelia Riddett is again forced to use schtick instead of talent, but Moliere will rise above these shortcomings, and does so very nicely.

An even rarer situation exists with reagard to this production of TARTUFFE; it is not the only one being produced in our area. Some may argue that the Wayside Theatre is not exactly in our area, but it's close enough. And some familiar Washington faces and talents are out there in the Shenandoah Valley summer theatre.

The Wayside's production of TARTUFFE has Arena's Richard Bauer in the lead, with Gene Gross as Orgon. The directorial assignment was handled by another Arena artist, Norman Gevanthor. This production is in almost all respects completely different than Olney's. The formal style and severe setting of Jim Waring, have been replaced by a softer, more rustic, and much warmer (and definitely more comic) setting, and a brasher, broader sense of theatre. Wayside's Orgon – played by Gene Gross – is a louder, coarser man than Gwillim's Orgon, but this makes for a neat contrast with Bauer's intense Tartuffe.

Another example of unfortunate casting was evident here though not with nearly so disastrous results as at Olney. In Wayside's case, Pat Peret took the role of the grandmother, a part many times older than she, and it was obvious. Are elderly actors that hard to find? Don't tell Equity!!

The most interesting contrasts, besides that of concept, involves the title role. John McGiver gave one of his characteristically droll, but obvious interpretations of the part of the lascivious scoundrel, grabbing breasts, tearing open his clothes, in a successful attempt to let it all hang out. Richard Bauer, just as characteristically, gives us an intense, more subtle, reading. His Tartuffe is really a richer, more complex character, more engaging in its depth and mystery. He approaches his affair with Madame Orgon as a man forced into an acknowledgedly ill-advised situation by his sinful, weak self. While McGiver concocts rationalizations to cover up his simple

Wayside's Nina Dora and Richard Bauer: Sinful Weakness.

lechery and lust. Moliere can survive divergent interpretations.

However, I prefer Bauer's Tartuffe. His intensity allows the audience the pleasure of caring while laughing.

It is indeed rare that an opportunity comes along to see the same play performed by two equally competent companies at the same time. It's well worth the time to see both and compare. One thing that did come out of seeing them both is a better hearing of the dialogue. The second time around, you catch a lot more. And upon this occasion I noted the following. Having been caught seducing Orgon's wife, Tartuffe says to Orgon, "You are under some misapprehension." To which Orgon retorts, "I was under the table, that's what I was under."

Now who does that sound like? How about Neil Simon? There's more to the comparison than you may suspect.

SENIOR PROM

[Ed. Note: SENIOR PROM will be opening on July 28th at 1632 "O" Street, N.W. the old home of the Washington Theatre Club. Performances will run Thursday through Sunday and ticket information is available at 234–4949.

The following, based on the original production at Georgetown University, earlier this year.]

By John Reap

Since World War Two, the only universal American experience has been High School. The high school experience was totally engrossing, totally engaging, totally involving – it was life itself for four years (more or less) of everyone's life. And the Senior Prom was the epiphany of the high school experience, the night when everything most crucial in those most crucial years came to a climax. If someone couldn't get a date for the Senior Prom, he/she was bound to wind up an accountant or a clerk at the Notions counter. The high school experience culminated in the Prom, and everyone expected to marry his/her date (and those who didn't go to college often did) and live happily ever after (and some must have).

In their play SENIOR PROM, Jack Hofsiss and Bill Bremer have chosen this night as the crucible for extracting the essence of what it was to be young in the Fifties. I saw the first version of this musical when it was done earlier this year at Georgetown University, and it was one of the most refreshing shows I'd seen all year. Instead of treating the music as a vehicle for satire, Bremer has recreated the sense of inanity and euphemism that dominated early rock 'n' roll. That is, he doesn't make the music comment on the action or the period, but lets the audience make the connections, recognize that the sentimental ballads were a cosmetic for the sexual agonies and combats of adolescence. The music of the Fifties provided the dreams of romance that made the hurried grappling in the back seat endurable.

In his script, Jack Hofsiss has followed the same principle of not stating his case too broadly, of making the audience become involved in the same way that people at a Prom are. The story deals with the few members of the class who have given the school its identity, the often obnoxious, dominant leaders, and the audience takes the role of the rest of the class, the wallflowers, who see something happen, say, a fight, and only find out what started it later. This essentially impressionistic approach worked very well when I saw the show, providing an aesthetic validity and excitement to devices like the flashback, which are usually failures.

Since both Stephanie Kurz and Linda Vail are repeating their original roles I can confidently cheer Stephanie's wonderful performance on her ballad, done in the style of Brenda Lee and Kathy Scott, and Linda's glorious "Top Of The Shop," a masterpiece of the comic love song to the disreputable Sal.

THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY
Kennedy Center Eisenhower Theater

THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY is a 1958 comedy which combines elements of AUNTIE MAME, THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER, and slight traces of Shavian preachments.

The central character is a gad-about bachelor father, bon vivant, big game hunter, by the name of Pogo Poole. It's the sort of character that reeks more of the fashionable Twenties than the Fifties, but is plausible enough, if dated. The plot is about the globetrotter's arrival in San Francisco to give his daughter (suddenly all grown up) away to a dull young bull breeder. It's the sort of plot that reeks; but it is competently handled by Samuel Taylor who gives some of the credit to Cornelia Otis Skinner (definitely the Twenties influence). The rest of the cast includes the mother, a step-father, the groom (of course), a devilish grandfather, and an insipid oriental house boy.

The current production at the Eisenhower is a new one by the Kennedy Center, but the leading man has played the part before, and for extended periods. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr brings to the part a conviction which is rewarding in such a piece. The daughter is magnificently portrayed by an extremely talented young actress, Fawne Harriman. The grandfather is deliciously brought to life by Wallace Rooney, and the groom is more than skillfully handled by Robert Anthony. The rest shall remain nameless. The sets were effective but not inspiring and the lighting hasn't a chance to add a thing due to the nature of the show.

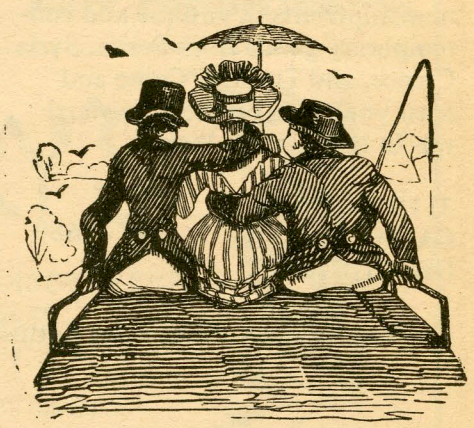
The direction of the comedy was handled by Neal Kenyon, who is using his DAMES AT SEA credit more as a laurel than anything else. But whatever, he has serviceably guided the company through what amounts to a very successful interpretation of a script which is filled with holes and bad lines and worn out situations, but also with wit, humor, and genuine emotion.

I must confess to having been unable to view this offering on its opening. I saw it four performances later. And I had heard things about it which may have influenced my reaction. Additionally, with the pressure of an opening removed, it is possible that the show I saw was different in some respects from that reviewed by others.

In any case, I was constantly in awe of Miss Harriman. Her line readings were fresh and spontaneous, and her characterization was enthrallingly convincing when it could easily, all too easily, have been stilted and flat. Rooney is obviously an old trouper, and used every trick in the book, but splendidly. Rarely did he slip into the "stock-character" syndrome. Robert Anthony brought a dramatic intensity to his role and a solidity of workmanship that makes the chorus kids on E Street look like beginner marionnettes.

All in all, it wasn't bad. In fact, if you like slightly dated movies, or nostalgia, or honest sentimentality (which isn't the crime sophisticates would have us believe), I think you'll enjoy THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY. No great shakes, just warm, honest theater, presented for what it is, with no pretenses.

JAQ



APPLAUSE POST–MORTEM

APPLAUSE has just recently opened and closed at National Theatre with Eleanor Parker in the leading role.

The show ran for about two and a half years in New York, won the Tony award for the best musical and was chosen one of the ten best plays of the season. The script was penned by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who gave us BELLS ARE RINGING, SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING, DO RE MI, and so forth. The score is the work of a song writing team, Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, whose list of credits includes BYE, BYE, BIRDIE, and IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE, IT'S SUPERMAN!

Based on the film ALL ABOUT EVE, this musical vehicle is the backstage story of an old timer holding on to her hard won stardom in the face of siege tactics by the hungry wolf in the form of a conniving ingenue. Lauren Bacall created the leading role, and must have been perfect as a bitter, bitchy, clawed-her-way-up, magnetic, animal of an actress. Eleanor Parker proves to be quite an actress, but just not right for the part. And the fact that Eleanor Parker and her nemesis, played winningly by a vibrant-voiced Janice Lynde, are the only two real actors on the stage doesn't help us at all. The rest merely qualify as a display of mechanical toys. Except, I should mention, Candy, played by Candy Brown, an attractive black girl who occasionally fell victim to the on-again-off-again sound system, as did just about everyone else.

As for Eleanor Parker, I can only say that I hope she continues on the stage. She would seem to have tremendous potential for a second career, but for god's sake, not in another APPLAUSE. She is not bitchy, she is soft spoken. She doesn't have Bacall's rasp: she hardly has a voice at all you sometimes think. But when in the right moments, like the first act finale, when she's finally given a real scene (however trumped up it may be), Eleanor shows us what she can really do. Her performance of "Welcome To The Theatre," the first act closer, nearly stopped the show and it deserved to. The trouble is that that is the only moment of honest theater in the entire evening.

A good bit of the trouble with what we see is due to the presence of Miss Parker. She shows up the rest of the production. She is for one fleeting moment magnificent, and thereby sets the rest of the work in relief. . . and it suffers badly in the bargain.

The show was written in the style of the early Fifties. It seems that Comden and Green never heard of MAN OF LA MANCHA, or COMPANY, or FOLLIES, or any of the other fine pieces of musical theatre that have been produced in the last twenty years.

The direction of the show is superficial and mechanical. It serves only to mobilize the script, not to breathe any life into it. Like the production numbers, the script builds only under its own sheer weight not from any impulses set forth as it proceeds from beginning to end. So what can the director do with such a collection of dialogues? It's very hard to motivate actors when what they're doing is unmotivated, only mechanical – made to fit the needs of the plot and not the purposes of the characters. But then, how often is that a concern of a big musical? Certainly shows like APPLAUSE and SUGAR (a current Broadway biggie) are not speaking to the present or tending toward the future; they are wailing out of the past and should never have been heard from. There are enough old chestnuts around that get more than their share of reviving. We don't need to create others.

APPLAUSE worked on Broadway (which says more about Broadway than about APPLAUSE, if you ask me) with Lauren Bacall. It might have worked better in Washington were it not for Eleanor Parker constantly reminding us of what good acting can be. Had the personalities of the leading characters been developed and brought into focus beyond the fuzzy shape of a hackneyed plot whose only purpose was to hold together the musical numbers, a musical of immense proportions and maturity, dealing with the causes as well as with the effects, could have been fashioned. As it is, it's little better than the boob tube variety shows.

JAQ

'Black Box' Speaks

Both poems and songs can be heard in the first "issue" of BLACK BOX, the first literary "magazine" to be published entirely on cassette tape.

Published in D.C., the magazine is enclosed in a black box which resembles a paperback book. The two cassettes which comprise the first issue include works by poets James Tate, Marge Piercy, Jerome Rothenberg, Dennis Schmitz, and Nobel Laureate Pablo Neruda.

Tape breaks an obvious division in the literary world, according to Editor Alan Austin.

"The texts of songs don't really stand alone as poetry – yet the new generation of writers and readers owes more to certain songwriters than to any living poet," Austin says. "Clearly, Bob Dylan, for example is as important to young poets as T.S. Eliot was to their fathers and uncles – and in most of the same ways. Ideas and images of death, of political action, of love, and of the self have most recently been mediated by songs."

Of the fifteen contributors to the first issue of BLACK BOX, five are song-writers as well as poets. In addition, the issue features two works of "expanded" poetry done in collaboration with musicians.

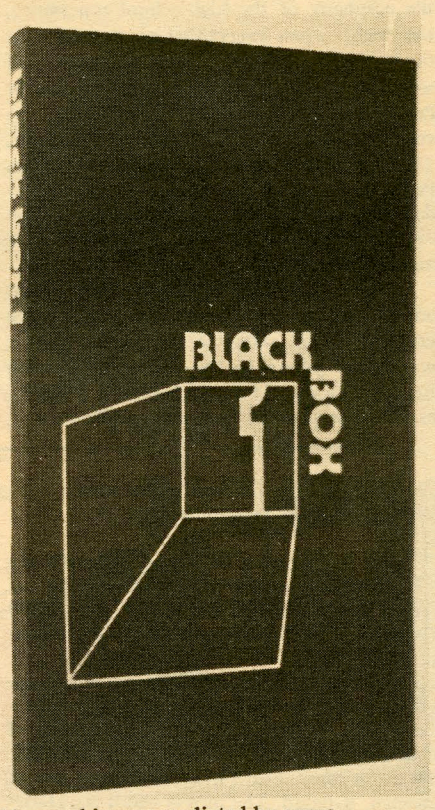
Co-editor is Black poet Etheridge Knight, who, along with Austin, was associated with motive, and is currently poet-in-residence at Lincoln University. Knight has just received a $5,000 distinguished achievement award from the National Endowment for the Arts which he will use to travel to Africa where he will collect new African poetry for later issues of BLACK BOX.

One of the editors-at-large is Michael Lally, a former jazz musician who is now writer-in-residence at Trinity College here. Lally, whose poetry has appeared in WOODWIND, is also associated with The Community Book Store.

Tina Darragh, a young feminist poet who recently graduated from Trinity College, will spend the next several months collecting international poetry for BLACK BOX.

Other staff members include James Den Boer, two-time winner of International Poetry Forum awards, editor-at-large; Andrea Wyatt, who is currently living in England, coeditor and Joseph Bruchac, editor of Greenfield Review in upstate New York, editor-at-large.

"At motive," says Austin, "we demonstrated that there was a mass audience for serious poetry in America. And we did it by breaking all the rules. We didn't publish people because of their fame or critical reputation, but because their poems and fictions could thrive when placed in a kind of dialog with discussions of public affairs and intellectual issues. As a result, the poems were actually read – something very few other magazines can claim, unfortunately. With BLACK BOX, we're breaking all the rules again – we're inventing a whole new medium for literary art from scratch.



Ideas and images mediated by songs.

Adds Etheridge Knight: "It's no accident that about half of BLACK BOX will be devoted to Black poetry. Black poets have demonstrated that poetry does have an audience in the community when it meets the needs of the people."

"The whole burden of American poetry in this century has been the insistence on the use of the voice," continues Austin. "Poems are sound. . . . Using only the voice, with nothing written down, shatters artificial barriers."

What sort of barriers? The most obvious, the editors argue, is the sad division of U.S. writing into two racial enclaves. Black poets are seldom read by their white counterparts, and few black poets ever read white poets' work. "We wouldn't make claims of instant integration, or instant justice," says Austin. "But the fact is that half of the part of American poetry which matters just now is written by Blacks. And one reason that white poets and readers can't understand that is that Black poetry literally has to be heard to be believed.

Knight takes a slightly different view: "From start to finish," he says, "poetry is sound; it has to be heard. That's especially true of Black poetry, but it's really true of all poetry."

Asked to list other barriers which tape-magazines break down, Austin mentioned several. "The new generation of American poets owes more to non-English-speaking poets than they do to their forebears. That's true whether you're speaking of Pound or Hughes. With tape, we can capture the feel – and that's the part that matters – of European and Third World poetry." These translation sequences are produced in a new way in BLACK BOX, using stereo tape. The translation is recorded on one channel, the original language on the other. The listener is encouraged to use stereo equipment so that each language can be heard discretely.

In addition, for more than ten years some American poets and fiction writers have made work which can only be taped or performed alive. "These folks – and there're at least a couple hundred of them – have had no way to publish their work," notes Austin. "Now they have a home."

One such piece in BLACK BOX No. 1 is Edmund Skellings' "Ultra-red: an electronic love poem," a fifteen-minute multimedia struggle with the barriers between "erotic fantasy and erotic reality," as the poet puts it.

Skellings was apparently the first U.S. poet to abandon the page entirely. This is his first magazine publication in ten years, even though his work has been praised by such prominent literary figures as William Stafford and Norman Mailer.

In future issues, the editors plan to be deliberately equalitarian There will be a careful balance between black and white contributors, between male and female contributors, between poems, fictions, songs, and translations. "This isn't a matter of meeting some arbitrary quota system," notes Austin. "Our point is to serve our subscribers, our listeners. And the inter-action of voices and styles serves them better."

Austin says of the technical quality of the first issue: "We've had to leave in some hiss, some distortion, and a dozen other mistakes. You can even hear some of the splices." We'll get better as we go along. But we're not embarrassed – magazines which matter, which have historic consequences, leave their structures visible to the reader – like the exoskeleton of an insect. Our listeners can hear how BLACK BOX is put together – and they should.

"Besides," Austin continues, "BLACK BOX is an effort to demonstrate that some advanced technologies are now accessible to everyone." In his editorial, which opens BLACK BOX No. 1, he comments: "America has, in the main, used advanced technology either to kill or to sell. We want to use it instead – without profit – to serve the needs of the art."

BLACK BOX is partially supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and a few smaller grants. It plans to be self-supporting within a year and is published by The New Classroom, a non-profit educational organization. The subscription rate for the bi-monthly publication is $20 for 6 issues. For more information write to BLACK BOX, P.O. Box 4174, Washington, D.C. 20015.

Procol Harum: Live

The EAGLES, PROCOL HARUM in concert at CONCERT HALL, KENNEDY CENTER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Sparklers are generally held in hand on the Fourth of July, but the most recent sparkler was held in the Kennedy Center Concert Hall on the 17th.

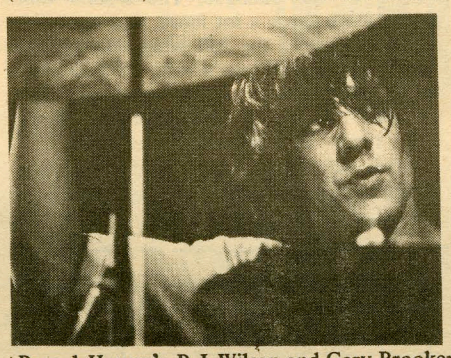
And it was a high intensity sparkler from the work Eagles, who opened the show with "Chug All Night" from their very excellent first and only album.

Although I'd heard a lot about how fantastic the Concert Hall acoustics were, this was the first time I'd made it down to catch a show and, happily enough, not a favorable word in recommendation of those acoustics was exaggerated.

So, with the acoustics complementing a very well mixed sound system the Eagles rock 'n' rolled through most of the tunes from their album including "Witchy Woman," "Peaceful Easy Feeling" and, of course, their hit single (with a bullet) "Take It Easy." which didn't quite seem to have the lilt that the album version had.

Bernie Leadon, who came to the group from the Flying Burrito Bros., couldn't believe how great the hall sounded and voiced his appreciation while the others smiled smiles of agreement.

What the Eagles have is a knack for turning simple tunes into some of the best music to grace vinyl or concert hall this year. Bernie's basic rhythm guitar and occasional lead, Glenn Frey's easy-to-get-along-with vocals and slide guitar, Randy Meisner's tight, but fluid bass, and Don Henley's articulate drumming and vocals are prime indicators of the group's evenly balanced talent structure. And with four above-average vocalists they don't hesitate to arrange tunes to utilize three and four part harmonies. So with all things considered and passed, a winning streak which started with the hit single and turned into a chart topping album continues with a five star concert performance.



Procol Harum's B.J. Wilson and Gary Brooker

The matching of Procol Harum and the Concert Hall was inevitable and the reason can be narrowed down to the simple fact that the Hall is the only place around here that can do justice to the group's energy.

Procol's set was based on tunes from older albums since they haven't done an lp of new material in over a year, but the very timelessness of things like "Shine On Brightly," "Conquistador" and "Whaling Stories" overrides any objection.

Gary Brooker's distinct and all but legendary voice was in top form as was Chris Copping's organ mastery. Chris at times seemed to be possessed by demons, simultaneously gentle and dangerous. Alan Cartwright quietly went about displaying just how musical the bass can be, but B.J. Wilson, who is a fine drummer and deserving of whatever status can be claimed from being Procol's second most long-lived member, should refrain from taking drum solos. Simply put, he has yet to prove that his solos have any value above the impressive, but obsolete, display of technical skills.

The combination of the group's respect for the sound system and their notice of the audience's appreciation for them prompted the usually stubborn Procol Harum into churning out two encores, their 1967 smash hit (with a bullet) "Whiter Shade of Pale" and an instrumental dedicated to politicians.

All in all, it is a sign of how unspoiled we concert goers in this area are when we can come home exclaiming how amazingly good the sound was and how you could even hear Gary Brooker's piano. Trouble is, the sound part of a concert is the one area where we deserve to be spoiled and this concert was an excellent place to start.

Michael Hogan

Phoenicia Ltd.

Phoenicia Ltd. has just received new shipments of antique and contemporary goods from Persia, Syria Greece, and Turkey. Come and feast your eyes on these new arrivals in the Western World.

3110 M St. N.W.
CANAL SQUARE 338 - 8689
GEORGETOWN

Clothing, Jewelry, Native Art Forms

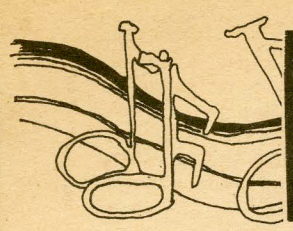
INTERLUDE

THE SOCIAL SOCIETY FOR SENSUOUS PEOPLE

Dig it, something for everyone. If you're tired of the same old thing, give us a try,

Send $7.00 for membership, and then some! Or . . . send for a free Brochure!!

P.O. BOX 2052, BALTIMORE, MD. 21203



LONGHAIR

SILLS -AT WOLF TRAP

By Susan Cohn

There are no words to describe Beverly Sills' singing – what is the superlative of magnificent or perfect? She sings with great ease (so it seems), tosses ornaments into the air as if she were tossing handfuls of confetti, enters a phrase with precise pitch. And besides possessing a glorious voice, she's charming and lovely to look at; in short, she's completely mesmerizing.

Miss Sills recaptured Washington at Wolf Trap on July 11 as guest soloist with the Academy National Youth Orchestra. Although the Orchestra was fine, it was the soprano for whom the house was jammed, and it was her night. She chose a popular program: Massenet's "Recitative and Fabliau from Manon," "Je suis Titania" from Thomas' Mignon, Juliet's aria "Oh! quante volte" from Bellini's I Capuletti ed i Montecchi, and Donizetti's "O luce di quest'anima" from Linda di Chamounix. It was a fairly long program by guest-artist standards, but not long enough – Miss Sills could sing for a week and I would not be satisfied. The crystal purity of the Bellini was extraordinarily touching, and moments later Linda's aria came alive as the joyful song of a flirtatious young girl. Miss Sills graciously consented to sing an encore, and, standing next to young Washington harpist John Pinkerton, who had done fine obbligato work in the Bellini, sang "Estrellita" simply and exquisitely. It is no wonder that Miss Sills is surrounded by cheers and bravas.

Pinkerton is only one of the fine collection of musicians studying at the Wolf Trap Academy this summer. Under the talented and precise leadership of Izler Solomon, the Orchestra held its own with the strange music of Antheil's "McKonkey's Ferry" Overture, the opening piece. The instruments sounded more than adequate, and the string section sounded especially inspired in Beecham's arrangement of the suite from Handel's "Faithful Shepherd." After the exceptional job accompanying Miss Sills the orchestra sounded a bit tired for the closing Bizet C Major Symphony, but the young people, including Mr. Solomon, should be congratulated on a iob well done.

FROM BEETHOVEN TO BURANA

By Louis C. Fantasia

There are good weeks and there are bad weeks (to steal a line from the land of Oz) and musically this has been a very good week.

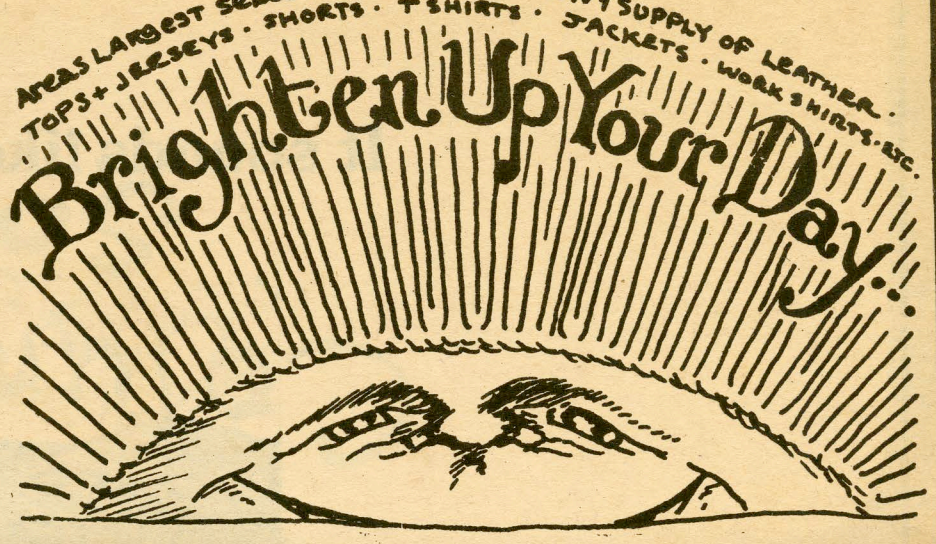
First, the National Symphony returned with its summer series to the concert hall of the Kennedy Center with an all Beethoven program led by James De Priest. The featured soloist was young violinist Daniel Heifitz, a student of the man who has trained more of the great young players in America than any one else, Ivan Galamian. Heifitz, of course, performed Beethoven's only violin concerto and if I may be allowed to jump ahead of myself, there is a comparison to be made here between his work and the work done by 12-year-old Cecilia Hobbs at Wolf Trap with the Academy Orchestra.

Miss Hobbs played the Mozart A major concerto with the youth orchestra and Heifitz played the Beethoven with the pros. Both were well supported by their conductors (De Priest and Maurice Peress). However, something was missing in each case. Call it mastery or familiarity or whatever, there was that certain sense of security, of being absolutely comfortable with the music. Of course these are both young players, prodigies in their own right, and the only way that they will master these concerti is by performing them. My point, however, is this: will a 12-year-old girl, thrown to the wolves on a work that is over her head, continue to grow musically? Will Daniel Heifitz become satisfied with his Beethoven of 1972? In the truly great artists and performers there is constant change in interpretation and understanding of the complexities of a work. But I have seen – and heard – too many not-so-young people give mundane readings of masterpieces – minor and major – to honestly feel that this is a rhetorical question.

The passage of time will provide us with the answer, and hopefully, with fine, mature talent.

Wolf Trap is proving itself to be quite a number with the past performances of Carl Orff's Carmina Burana and the Kurt Weill Second Symphony. Julius Rudel led the National Symphony and the Choral Arts Society of Washington with soloists Patricia Brooks, Dominic Cossa (subbing for John Reardon) and tenor William Du Pre – who was simply fantastic – in a gutsy rendition of the secular sex songs sung in the Latin tongue. The Weill Symphony, which was premiered by Bruno Walter in an uncharacteristic move to contemporary music, is spirited and vital, but to my thinking not overly impressive, seeming to be a collection of tunes which never made it to the stage only to be reworked into some kind of symphonic metamorphosis.

Currently leading the American University Academy Youth Orchestra is Maurice Peress, who is known to the Washington audiences as the man Leonard Bernstein chose to conduct the performances of Mass. Peress is working great things with the kids at camp, doing a lot of tough, tough music and doing it well.


AREAS LARGEST SELECTION OF JEANS · HEAVY SUPPLY OF LEATHER ·
TOPS + JERSEYS · SHORTS · T SHIRTS · JACKETS · WORK SHIRTS · ETC.
Brighten Up Your Day!

277-1322
7404 BALTIMORE AVE. COLLEGE PARK, Md.

the clip joint

WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GET A HELLOFA GREAT CUT

unisex haircutting

summit hills apts. shopping center
east west hwy. & 16th street
silver spring, md.

588 - 0770

organic
hair conditioning

MARY'S

CATHEDRAL and CHASE STREETS
BALTIMORE
837-1231
* Directly next to the Club Baths *

DON'T BLOW TOWN, before you cruise Mary's — Baltimore's "in" place for a "gay" time. Dance or just relax in our chic, casual atmosphere.

MARY'S HOURS

4 - 8 PM Daily

LSAT
REVIEW COURSE, INC.

1030 15th St., N.W., Suite 908
OFFERING AN EXTENSIVE 20 HOUR REVIEW FOR OCT. 21 LSAT
TAUGHT BY ATTORNEYS

IF YOU ARE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR LSAT EXAM SCORE AFTER TAKING OUR COURSE, YOU MAY ENROLL IN OUR FOLLOWING COURSE AT NO ADDITIONAL CHARGE.

CLASSES BEGINNING OCT. 3, 4, & 5
at SHERATON PARK HOTEL, Conn. Ave. & Woodley Rd., N.W., Wash., D.C.

REGISTER NOW (ENROLLMENT LIMITED) - $75 TUITION

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CALL 202 - 223 - 1835
IF NO ANSWER CALL 202 - 223 - 1808

PROTEUS DESIGN

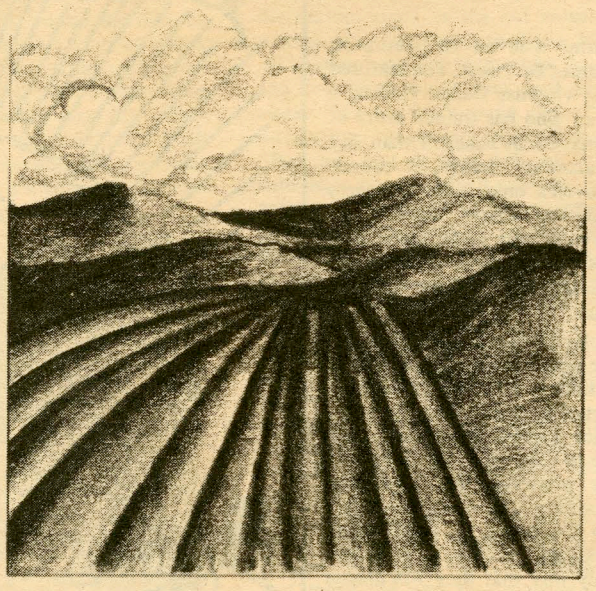
OFFERS A LARGE SELECTION OF
10 SPEED FALCON CYCLES

WE SELL OUT OF OUR BASEMENT AND OFFER THE LOWEST PRICE AVAILABLE

CYCLES PRICES FROM $100

864 - 3239

It sounds like a nice day.



WHFS
102.3 FM
QUADRAPHONIC SOUND
24 hours a day

AT THE MOVIES

BLUEGRASS MUSIC COUNTRY SOUL
by Marian Leighton

The first documentary film of a bluegrass festival is making the rounds of area theaters. As a lover of bluegrass music and old-time country music, I was hoping this would be a great movie about a great music. Documentaries are difficult to put together and to have come out right anyway; at least this one had the benefit of a refreshing subject – a bluegrass festival being worlds apart from a rock or folk festival.

One of the paradoxes of bluegrass music's popularity, one which undoubtedly was also a factor in the creation of this movie, is its enthusiastic acceptance in the circles of hip, otherwise radical young people. Bleugrass music and traditional bluegrass audiences are basically conservative; yet young, often politically radical people turn to this supposedly pure music in preference to country and western music of the Nashville variety supposedly corrupted by the big-time music industry. Inevitably, the movie dealt with this strange situation, and as was perhaps inevitable, did this in the usual slightly romanticized cliche of the "long hairs and short hairs getting together for a happy festival weekend ot listening to good music and picking together in the parking lots." Many feel this is a slightly glorified picture of an often tnese situation of folks from very disparate cultures having made a disrespectful, tentative peace so they can listen to the music. Contrary to what the movie states, most people at bluegrass festivals do not play music. At best, many festival-goers are avid fans, die-hard bluegrass fanatics.

The precise setting of the film is the Camp Springs, NC Festival of Labor Day Weekend, 1971. The promoter of that festival and the central figure of the movie is Carlton Haney. He was the promoter of the first bluegrass festival back in 1965 and from him one can get a fairly accurate picture of festivals, but unfortunately, not of bluegrass in general.

What this movie neglects to tell us is that after 1865 sometime, there occured a split between Bill Monroe – who has his own festivals and who is the "Father of Bluegrass Music" – and festival promoter Haney. This split of itself would amount to no greater consequence than trade gossip, were it not for the unfortunate effect it has had upon bluegrass music of recent years.

Judging by festival rosters like the one in the film, the split has led to performers being parcelled out to festivals of one or the other promoter. In the last couple of years, more and more young groups have been working for Haney, with more of the older groups staying with Monroe.

This is one of the worst aspects of the movie. Bluegrass as a musical form dates back only a generation so the originators of bluegrass are still well and playing, in most cases. However, in this movie, the bands are largely post-1960 ro so: the only representatives of the mainstream originators of bluegrass being Ralph Stanley, the Lily Brothers, Earl Scruggs and Chubby Wise. Bill Monroe's band, Lester Flatt's band, Jim and Jesse, and Reno, Harrell, and the late Red Smiley are all conspicuously absent. What is Roy Acuff doing here? It was great seeing the Country & Western trouper again, but he's hardly bluegrass. It almost seems that the emphasis on Acuff, Wise, and Scruggs was made to detract from the absence of Bill Monroe, who was not only absent, but not even mentioned in the spoken commentary on the history of bluegrass.

In addition to the subject matter's not being
having been chosen to the best understanding of the music, the technical weaknesses also hinder the viewer's appreciation of the action. For a movie documenting music, the sound was extremely weak, fuzzy at times, as well as rising and falling in volume.

At the premiere – at the Virginia Theater in Alexandria – the print was awful; the color couldn't have been further off. At the Inner Circle, the color was many times better, though it did fade and deepen from time to time. I assume and hope this latter print is the one being shown around now because the first one was downright embarassing.

If you're a bluegrass fan, particularly of the younger groups, you'll probably get your money's worth. If you're new to this music, you'll get a spotty introduction and probably would fare better going to an actual bluegrass festival. There are two festivals on Labor Day weekend this year: one in Wilmington, Delaware put on by Bill Monroe and Ralph Stanley; the other at Camp Springs, North Carolina, sponsored by Carlton Haney.

Around Da Town

A Classy Show Biz Column

By T. Tabasco Tattle

The name R. Meltzer ring a bell to you students of that blithe frippery called rock criticism? Sure, he's published all over. In every rock mag you can think of. And some of the more general interest publications.

Anyway, R. Meltzer gave us a compliment of sorts. In a Capitol Records press release (?) Mr. Meltzer called our newspaper "the number four rock publication," right behind ROLLING STONE, CHANGES, and ZYGOTE.

Well, we could have forgiven him for his omission of biggies such as CRAWDADDY and FUSION. But, really did he have to call us "WOODWING" and blow the whole thing?

The "g" on American typewriters is two inches to the right of "d" and I figure random choice is a technique most writers don't use in plain old journalistic prose. From now on, we are calling him "the fourth best rock writer" around, this Mr. R. Melther – or whatever his name is.

QUESTION: How did SKY COBB drummer Mark Cuff refer to a certain room in which one administers to one's bodily functions while on the air live recently at WHFS-FM?

A. Poo-poo room
B. Bathroom
C. The head
D. None of the above.

QUESTION: What cool response did WHFS-FM rock jock CERPHE choose to give Mr. Cuff's reference?

A. A nervous laugh of shock
B. A pregnant pause of disbelief
C. A stuttering attempt to move right along
D. All of the above.

After a year or two of groping around looking for somebody who knows what he's doing, Roy Buchanan retained Jimi Hendrix's former lawyer, who very quickly made Polydor Records an offer they couldn't refuse. So Buchanan went to New York and recorded for three days at the Record Plant. Polydor – to whom Roy has been under contract for a while – paid for the band's hotel accommodations.

And for a bonus, Washington rock fans, Jack – of the same premium last name – had to cancel out his only East Coast gig in Washington (at the P Street Grok) because of rain. But dig his album, folks. Whew.

Summbidge makes you think you were listening to a magical person one-third searing gravely black gospel singer, one-third soul shouter and one-third white rocker. Dude should make that stark parody of a lad, Rod Stewart, faint dead away in awe.

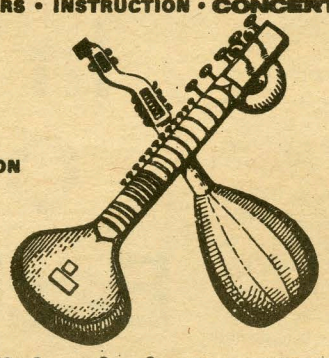
But of course, we know all those other shallow listeners will be scrambling to get Stewart's new one, don't we? While Mr Bonus gets some great but nevertheless worthless reviews. As far as wide reaching audiences are concerned. And affecting large numbers of people. Which should be a joyful thing. For us to participate in. As sometimes (but not enough) it still is.

Here's a classic late show movie line: Van Johnson, as a vaudevillian with a Big Plan, talking to a animal-act white shepard dog who tags along with him: "Aw don't getcha hopes up; as soon as I hit the big time I'm bookin' you with the SPCA."

It's time to ask the dual question:
Where would we be without Barry Richards — and where wouldn't we be?

House of Musical Traditions

SALES • REPAIRS • INSTRUCTION • CONCERT BOOKINGS



VINA, DUMBEK, OUD, ZILS, KOTO, DULCIMER, LUTE, CLASSICAL GUITAR, INSTRUCTION BOOKS, STRINGS

DILRUBA, DHOLEK, FLUTE, HARMONIUM, PAKAWAJ, IMPORTED RECORDS, KALIMBA, SAROD, SHENNAI, SITAR, TABLA, TAMPURA

Specializing in instruments from the world over and from Europe's past:

7040 CARROLL AVE.
TAKOMA PARK, MARYLAND

The House of Musical Traditions
(Formerly of New York City)

(301) 270-8899
TUES–SUN. 12–8 P.M.

JEWELRY REPAIR

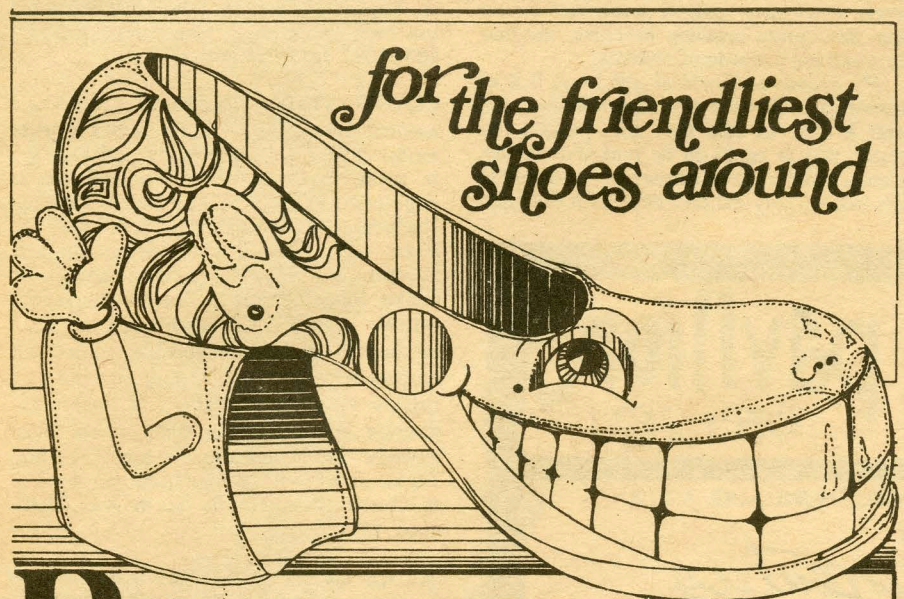
GOLD AND SILVER

CUSTOM LEATHER

HEADGEAR

COMIX

YOUR NATURAL BODY SHOP



BOOTERY

Washington
Maryland
Virginia

MCAT REVIEW COURSE, INC.

NOW OFFERING EXTENSIVE 24 HOUR REVIEW FOR OCTOBER 7 MCAT

CLASSES BEGIN SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

TUITION FEE $85

For further information call 202 - 223 - 1835

Ms. **hair revival** Mr

hair cutting

588-7171

967 THAYER AVE.
SILVER SPRING, MD.

(P.S. we like to keep long hair long)

NARRAGANSETT LEATHERS

CAPITOL HILL

CUSTOM MADE SANDALS

319 7th St. S.E.
Wash. D.C.
544-2211

RABID TRANSIT SYSTEM

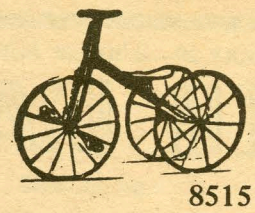
TRUCKING - MOVING - HAULING

Honest Rates

Call 979 - 3337 anytime

THE BICYCLE PLACE

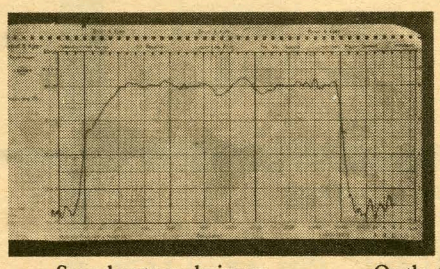
Bicycles, parts, & Accessories from the best quality American & European manufacturers. 10 speed touring bicycles by: ATALA– ASTRA– BOTTECCHIA–COLUMBIA–RIXIE



589 - 0090

8515 Colesville Road
Silver Spring, Md.

LINEAR SOUND. YOU HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE IT.



a practically straight line.
So: Linear Sound.

On the bass end, there's exactly the amount of bass that was recorded. With no artificial boosting to impress the innocent.

Sound systems designers have been talking about Linear Sound for years. But until EPI came along, nobody had it.

So what do we mean by "Linear Sound"?

It's what the sound of an EPI speaker looks like on a frequency response graph:

On the treble end, EPI speakers deliver overtones that, on ordinary speakers, just fade out.

So what you end up with is a reproduced sound that sounds just like the original sound. With no artificial coloring added. And nothing taken out.

Linear Sound. It comes out of eight fantastic speakers, from $55 to $1,000, made only by Epicure Products Inc.

So if the system you buy doesn't have EPI speakers, you don't have Linear Sound.

LINEAR SOUND IS FROM EPI.

All equipment sold by the stereo set is unconditionally guaranteed for five years

HOURS: MON.-THURS. NOON to 9 PM
FRI.-SAT. 10 AM to 6 PM

737 Wisconsin Ave. corner S St. Georgetown
N.W. Washington, D.C.

BANKAMERICARD, master charge, Or Budget Terms Up To 36 Months

338-1493

the stereo set

BOOKS

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN:
Resources for Our Education. ed. Sam Yanes and Cia Haldorf, Delacorte Press, 168pp., $4.00, (paper).

reviewed by David Bowman

Do you know what America's No. 1 industry is? Wrong answers are cars, wars, buildings, and government paper-passing. No, our biggest business is education.

Like organized religion, organized education only has to promise its product; it never has to deliver anything, because "education" is as invisible and imponderable as "salvation." Having played out the old religious con-games, we are coming in for the educational con-games, now being set up by the new breed of hip capitalists.

In becoming the new religion, education has to invest itself in highly visible apparel. Hence, the multi-million dollar 'educational plant' (for manufacturing the product) and the handy-dandy desks, maps, a-v aids, projectors, no-glare blackboards, film strips, and so on, all highly vendable and attractively packaged.

When you realize that a best-selling novel may only sell 30,000 copies, and a best-selling text will sell 3,000,000, you will have grasped some of the economic realities of the educational game. Besides novels are durrty and textbooks are not; educational books are for the whole family, immaculately conceived, enabling publishers to rest with good conscience: and good sales volume.

They realized not long ago that X-rated books and X-rated films can never reach widely diversified audiences, so they used the Right Guard strategy (one deodorant for the whole family) and muscled in on the educational market. Cleanliness is next to sound business. The result is that all big publishers converted themselves (SHAZAM!) into what are called learning corporations.

I say all this not to condemn BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN: I say this only to explain why worthwhile books like it can now be published. It is a resource book, much like WHOLE EARTH CATALOG in format and coverage, offering a wide variety of useful educational approaches and introducing some esoteric (usually non-Western) thinking that can be injected into our educational mainstream.

In as few words as possible, a sampler: playstructures, wilderness school, inflatocookbooks, zomeworks, child drama, rhythmic movement, buddhist economics, zen hitchhiking, Gurdjieff, I Ching, and so on. Alterntives in education are the principal concern, such as home learning, educational environments, and self-discovery, though as with WHOLE EARTH or any other sampler, you get a tiny taste of something you really like and that's all there is of it.

I tried to see if any educational publishers were over-represented in BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN, but they don't seem to be. No conspiracy. Certainly not by Dell which publishes it, nor by the Portola Institute people who contributed some of the best items, like the ten-page section on playstructures, complete with instructions and blueprints.

But I did see some of the new educational hardware – the Millipore filters, for analyzing air and water pollution ($16.50), and the Cuisenaire rods, for learning mathematical concepts ($12.50 to $59.50) – and innumerable publications introducing the latest in "educational breakthroughs." Mostly hype. Or worse, mechanical gadgets guaranteed to further deteriorate teaching initiative, imagination, and improvisational abilities.

My vicious and cynical mind says it is all unnecessary; that the only reason we have this stuff is that we like toys and machines so much; that it could all be junked if family, friends, and the whole community bothered to de-school society and take education back into their own hands. If they don't, institutionalized education will have as disastrous consequences as institutionalized religion.

I am a teacher when I teach you; you are a teacher when you teach me; teachers as special classes of mankind need not exist at all.

merriweather post pavilion
columbia, maryland 21044 953-2424

SAT. JULY 29—8:30 P.M. SUN. JULY 30—7 P.M.
NEIL DIAMOND
$6.50, 4.50

TUES., WED., THURS. AUG. 1, 2, 3
The Carpenters

FRI. AUG. 11—7 P.M.
STEPHEN STILLS
MANASSAS
CHRIS HILLMAN DALLAS TAYLOR
FUZZY SAMUELS PAUL HARRIS
AL PERKINS JOE LALA
$6.50 - $5.50

SUN. AUG. 13—4 P.M.
YES & Eagles
$5.50, 4.50

Judy Collins
$5.50, 4.50

SUN. AUG. 20—3 P.M.
Emerson, lake and palmer
$5.50 - $4.50

FRI. AUG. 25—8 P.M.
the Association
$5.50, 4.50 Judde Sill

SAT. SEPT. 2—8:30 P.M.
Charley Pride
$6.50, 5.50

MON. SEPT. 4—3 P.M.
BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS
$5.50, 4.50

Sat Aug. 26, 8P.M.
Richie Havens
Sha na na & Fabulous Rhinestones
$5.50 $4.50

Wed. Aug. 30 7:30 P.M.
Beach Boys
$5.50 - $4.50

FREE PARKING
for
4000 cars

Aug. 4 & 5 8:30 P.M.
Johnny Cash
& friends
$7.00 - $5.50

BOX OFFICE OPEN
Box Office Open Monday thru Saturday 10 .M.—8 P.M., Sundays 1 P.M.—8P.M.
MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED
For your convenience tickets may be purchased at all Sears Stores, National Bank of Washington, Pentagon Ticket Agency, all Jean Jack's, Solar Plexus, The Bootlegger, Marco Polo, Hochschild Kohn, Hutzler's, and Savings Bank of Baltimore.

In Your Own Backyard

AUDITIONS are being held for the chorus of Georgetown Symphony's August production of Puccini's LA BOHEME. The adult chorus is limited to 25 and the chorus of street urchins to 12. The opera will be presented on August 18 and 19. Those 12 years old and over who wish to take part should call 483–1077 for more information.

CENTER STAGE, Maryland's professional resident theater, is offering a free speaker service during the summer and fall. Available to speak on the history of regional theater movements in the U.S. are Peter W. Culman, producing director; David Frank, tour director; and Clark Taylor, special projects director. Mrs. Vivienne Shubb, director of Center Stage's Student Theater Workshop, will be available for discussions on educational theater. When possible, actors will accompany the speaker to meetings and participate in the presentation. If your organization is interested in what Center Stage terms its "People to People Program," call Mr. Taylor at 685–8210 in Baltimore, or write to Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave., Baltimore 21202.

MEDIA ANTHROPOLOGIST is the name of a new publication which will attempt to bridge the gap between social scientists and media experts. The newsletter will be published quarterly beginning in August and will contain articles on such topics as the opportunities for anthropologists in media work, suggested training for the anthropologist working in the media, and reviews of media presentations. If you want to subscribe, send $2.00 to Charlene A. James c/o Social Science Div., Prince George's College, Largo, MD 20850. The editors of the newsletter tell us that articles and comments dealing with all facets of anthropological involvement in the media are welcome at this time.

OVER THE BACK FENCE: Special courses in Dutch art, music, and literature will be given in the first foreign study program to be held in the Netherlands especially for American students. The program will open at the American College of Amsterdam in September, 1972, and all instruction will be given in English. Other courses included in the 15-hour curriculum are interdisciplinary humanities, social science, and environmental and urban studies. The Fall course in modern European literature will focus on novelists Mann, Hesse, Kafka, Pavese, and Camus. The Spring course will be devoted to the poetry of Rilke, Apollinaire, Montale, Lorca, and Yevtushenko. There will also be Fall and Spring workshops in creative writing, painting, sculpture, music and dance. Tuition per semester is $850. You can get an application form from the U.S. Office of the American College of Amsterdam, 62 Montague Street, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

"SUNSHINE AND BELLY BUTTONS," the second show of the Northeast Artists Coop will continue through the end of July from 1 to 8 pm at 1246 Monroe Street, N.E. Included in the show are wood and cloth by R.A. Sharp, leather design by Bill Baldwin, oils and silk-screens by Ellen Vartanoff, and ceramics by the Adelphi Potters.

BACH AT MIDNIGHT is geing presented by members of the Georgetown Symphony and Dupont Circle Consortium in the air conditioned Hall of Nations at 36th and N Streets, N.W. The series, which runs through Aug. 11, features the complete cycle of Bach's Brandenburg Concerti. On July 28, guest conductor Truman Harris will lead the ensemble in the Sixth Brandengurg (with gambas), Haydn's Symphony No. 9, and music for woodwind quintet. Louis C. Fantasia will return to conduct the final two concerts, Aug. 4 and 11, which will include the second and third Brandenburgs. Admission is $1.00 at the door.

NATIONAL ATTRACTIONS
Presents

FRI. JULY 28 — 8 PM COLE FIELDHOUSE
$5.00 advance $6.00 at door

BLACK SABBATH

SAT. AUG. 5 — 8 PM BALTIMORE CIVIC CENTER
$7.50, $6.50 $5.50, $4.50

THREE DOG NIGHT

THURS. AUG. 10 — 8:30 PM KENNEDY CENTER
$5.50, $4.50, $3.50

JAMES GANG

THURS. AUG. 17 — 8 PM BALTIMORE CIVIC CENTER

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

SAT. AUG. 26 — 8 PM BALTIMORE CIVIC CENTER
$6.50, $5.50, $4.50

ALICE COOPER

TICKETS FOR KENNEDY CENTER: TICKETRON
TICKETS FOR BALTIMORE CIVIC CENTER
& COLE FIELDHOUSE:
TICKETRON, WARDS, and SIXTH SENSE

INFORMATION: 659–2601

COMMANDER CODY
and THE LOST PLANET AIRMEN
Special Guest Star
DOCTOR HOOK
and THE MEDICINE MEN
FRIDAY, AUGUST 11th, 8:00 P.M.
DAR CONSTITUTION HALL

Tickets: $3.50-$4.50-$5.00
at All Ticketron, Sears, Woodies, AAA offices

OPENING MONDAY JULY 31ST

APPEARING MONDAY THRU SATURDAY

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
Special Guest Star RITA COOLIDGE

$4.00 WEEKENDS, $3.00 WEEKDAYS
AUG. 7 - 12 WAYNE COCHRAN and THE C.C. RIDERS
$3.00 WEEKENDS, $2.00 WEEKDAYS
AUG. 14 - 19 DILLARDS & SPECIAL GUEST STAR
AUG. 21 - 26 EARL SCRUGGS REVIEW

The Stardust
13 miles South of Beltway Exit 36
RES.: 843-6233

MR. HENRY'S

PRESENTS
THE MERRY CLAYTON SHOW
NIGHTLY
TUES JULY 25th thru SAT JULY 29th

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE
SUNDAY JULY 30th
4pm and 6pm

601 Pennsylvania Avenue, S.E.
RES. 544-5898

July 24 - 29 — HERBIE HANCOCK
Jubal

July 31 - Aug. 5 — JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND
DAVID ACKLES

August 7 - 12 — MUDDY WATERS

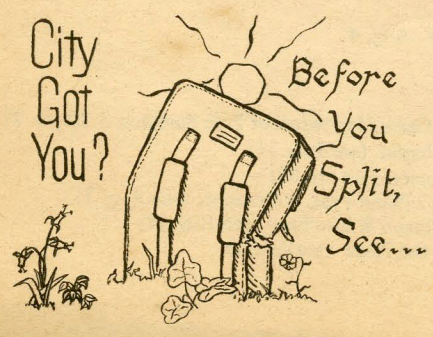
Hootenanny every Sunday

The Cellar Door
34th & M St. N.W.
GEORGETOWN
Reservations:
337–3389

apple pie

PRESENTS THE FABULOUS
Dobonettes
SUNDAY & WEDNESDAY
9 - 1:30 am

3350 "M" St. N.W. CAVIAT EMPTOR 333 - 3811



Home In Your Pack	$1.50
Living Off the Land	1.25
The Weed Cookbook	2.25
Buying Country Prop.	3.00
Woodstock Craftsman	4.25
The Foxfire Book	3.95

and many, many others at
1039 31st St., georgetown
open daily 11-10 338-7874
yes! Inc.

WEDNESDAY SHOW ADDED

JOAN BAEZ

MON 24
TUES 25
8:30 PM
SEATS $2.50

AVAILABLE AT KENNEDY CENTER
BOX OFFICE ONLY

INFORMATION 254–3776

CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

THEATER OPENINGS

SENIOR PROM; opens July 29, "O" St. Theater, 234-4949
HOME; opens Aug. 1; Olney Theater; 924-3400
COMPANY; opens July 25; Painters Mill; 363-0800
1776; opens July 25; Shady Grove; (301) 948-3400

THEATER – CONTINUING

GODSPELL; thru Sept. 3; Ford's Theater; 347-6260
TARTUFFE; thru July 30; Olney Theater; 924-3400
BLUES AND LAUGHTER; thru Aug. 6, Back Alley Theater; 723-2040
COMEDY OF ERRORS; thru July 31; Hartke Theater; 529-3333

TUESDAY, July 25

MUSIC

James Cleveland & the Cleveland Singers, Clara Ward & the Ward Singers; Carter Barron Ampitheater
National Symphony Orchestra (children's concert) Wolf Trap; 11 am
Preservation Hall Jazz Band; Wolf Trap, 8:30 pm
Joan Baez; Kennedy Center Concert Hall; 8:30 pm
Herbie Hancock; Cellar Door
Merry Clayton; Mr. Henry's Capitol Hill
Garnell Copeland; organ & light show; Grace Church; Georgetown; 8 pm; $1.00

FILMS

Cisco Pike & 200 Motels; Circle Theatre
Days & Nights in the Forest; Inner Circle Theatre
Butterflies Are Free; Fine Arts Theater
The Great Dictator; Studio 2 & 3
Fellini Satyricon; Student Union Ballroom, U. of MD 7 - 9 pm

EVENTS

Harness Racing; Laurel Raceway; (301) 539-6242

WEDNESDAY, July 26

Cleveland & Ward (see July 24)
Preservation Hall Jazz BAnd (see July 24)
Herbie Hancock (see July 24)
Merry Clayton (see July 24)
Donal Leace; Mr. Henry's, G'town
Folksingers; Brickskeller
Bluegrass & Folk Festival; Hopkins Plaza; Charles Center; Balto.; 8 pm; free
The Abduction from the Seraglio [Mozart] Hartford Opera Theatre; (301) 879-8920

FILMS

Cicso Pike & 200 Motels (see July 25)
The 60's, I Have A Dream, & The Age Of Kennedy; Enoch Pratt Free Library, Balto. 2 pm; (301) 685-6700
The Great Dictator (see July 25)

EVENTS

Humphry Festival; Aux. Stage Wolf Trap; 1-3 pm, free
Marvelous Land of Oz [puppets] Smithsonian Puppet Theater 11am, 2pm, & 1 pm
Harness Racing (see July 25)
Poetry & Jazz; Iguana Coffee House; Luther Pl. Church

THURSDAY, July 27

MUSIC

Cleveland & Ward (see July 25)
Herbie Hancock (see July 25)
Merry Calyton (see July 25)
Donal Leace (see July 26)
Folksingers (see July 26)
Catulli Carmina by Carl Orff; Tawes Theater, U. of MD 8:30
The Abduction (see July 26)

FILMS

Cisco Pike & 200 Motels (see July 26)
The Great Dictator (see July 25)
Trilogy by Truman Capote; Student Union Ballroom, U. of MD

EVENTS

A "Noson Laven" from Wales; dancers & chorus, Wash. Cathedral 8 pm
Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 26)
Radio Free Women hosted by Janita Weaver; WGTB-FM 90.1 2:30 - 3:30

SATURDAY, Aug. 5

MUSIC

Three Dog Night; Balto. Civ. Center; 8 pm $5.50 - $7.50
Johnny Cash (see Aug. 4)
Harry Chapin (see July 31)
Donal Leace (see Jly 31)
Folksingers (see July 28)
Temptatons & Supremes (see July 31)
Internat'l Piano Fest. & Compet. – FINALS (see Aug. 1)
Kristofferson & Coolidge (see Aug. 2)

FILMS

Conformist & Sacco-Vanzetti (see Aug. 3)
Buttreflies are Free (see July 25)
The Graet Dictator (see July 25)

EVENTS

Vienna State Opera Ballet (see Aug 1)
Romeo & Juliet (see Aug. 1)
Mrvlous Land of Oz (see July 26)
Harness Racing (see July 26)
Poetry & Jazz (see Jluy 26)
15 Below Coffee house (see July 28)
"IF" coffee house (see July 28)

SUNDAY, Aug. 6

MUSIC

James Brown (see July 31)
Crank, Grow Your Own, Itchy Brother; Grok Concert at P St. Beach; 3 - 7 pm; free!
Hootenanny; Cellar Door
Donal Leace (see July 26)
Wolf Trap American U. Academy Nat'l Youth Orchestra; Wolf Trap; 3pm; $1.00
Nat'l Symphony Orchestra; Wolf Trap; 8:30 pm
Temptations & Supremes (see July 31)
Kristofferson & Coolidge (see July 31)

FILMS

Brewster McCloud & Little Fauss + Big Halsy; Circle Theatre

EVENTS

Vienna State Opera Ballet (see Aug. 2)
Humphrey Festival (see July 26)
Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 26)
Internat'l Festival, Europe; Towson St. Coll.; noon - 5 pm

SUNDAY, July 30

MUSIC

Cleveland & Ward (see July 25)
Neil Diamond (see July 29)
Donal Leace (see July 26)
Hootenanny; Cellar Door – live on WGTB-FM, 90.1

HERBIE HANCOCK APPEARING AT THE CELLAR DOOR

MERRY CLAYTON AT MR. HENRY's

Hootenanny; Brickskeller
Arturo Toscannini Conducts; tapes made by the Maestro, WAMU-FM 88.5
International Piano Festival & Competition w/ Lili Kraus, Tawes Theatre; U. of MD

FILMS

Je T'alime, Je T'aime (see July 25)
The Great Dictator (see July 25)
Butterflies Are Free (see July 25)

EVENTS

Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 26)
Harness Racing (see July 25)
The Barterers' Flea Market (see July 29)

MONDAY, July 31

MUSIC

James Brown; Cartere Barron; $1.75 - $5.50
Harry Chapin; Cellar Door
Folksingers (see July 25)
The Temptations & Supremes; Painters Mill Music FAir
Mahavishnu Orchestra w/ John McLaughlin & Buzzy Linhart; Shady Grove; 8:30pm $4.50-$6.50
Kris Kristofferson & Rita Coolidge; the Stardust

FILMS

Je T'aime, Je T'aime (see July 28)

EVENTS

Radio Free Women (see July 27)
Harness Racing (see July 25)
1973 Car Display – Pontiac Moter Div. Balto Civic Center; 1 pm

TUESDAY, August 1

MUSIC

James Brown (see July 31)
Carpenters; Merriweather Post Pavillion 8:30 pm $6.50 -$4.00
Harry Chapin (see July 31)
Kris Kristofferson & Rita Coolidge (see July 31)
Jazz of the Plaza; Hopkins Plaza; Balto. 12:14 pm

FILMS

Kes & Walkabout; Circle Theatre

EVENTS

Vienna State Opera Ballet; Kenedy Center
Romeo & Juliet [opera] Wolf Trap 8 pm $8 - $2.50

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 2

MUSIC

James Brown (see July 31)
Carpenters (see Aug. 1)
Harry Chapin (see July 31)
Donal Leace (see July 26)
Il Trovatore, Harford Opera Bel Aire, (301) 879-9444
Lionel Hampton; Hopkins Plaza, Balto. 8 pm

FILMS

Kes & Walkabout (see Aug. 1)
This is Marshall McLuhan: The Medium is the Massage, Sunday Lark, Time Piece, & Parkinson's Law (seeJuly 26)

EVENTS

Vienna State Opera Ballet presents Swan Lake; Kennedy Center
Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 26)
Poetry & Jazz (see July 26)

THURSDAY, Aug. 3

MUSIC

Carpenters (see July 31)
Harry Chapin (see July 31)
Donal Leace (see July 26)
Lionel Hampton & Orchestra (see Aug. 2)
Kris Kristofferson & Rita Coolidge (see July 31)

FILMS

The Conformist & Sacco-Vanzetti; Circle Theatre

EVENTS

Romeo & Juliet (see Aug. 1)
Marvelous Land of Oz (see July 27)

FRIDAY, Aug. 4

MUSIC

Johnny Cash; Merriweather Post Pavillion 8:30 pm $7 - $5.50
Harry Chapin (see July 31)
Donal Leace (see Jly 26)
Internat'l Piano Fest. & Compet. (see Aug. 1)
Kristofferson & Coolidge (see July 31)
Jazz on the Plaza (see Aug 1)